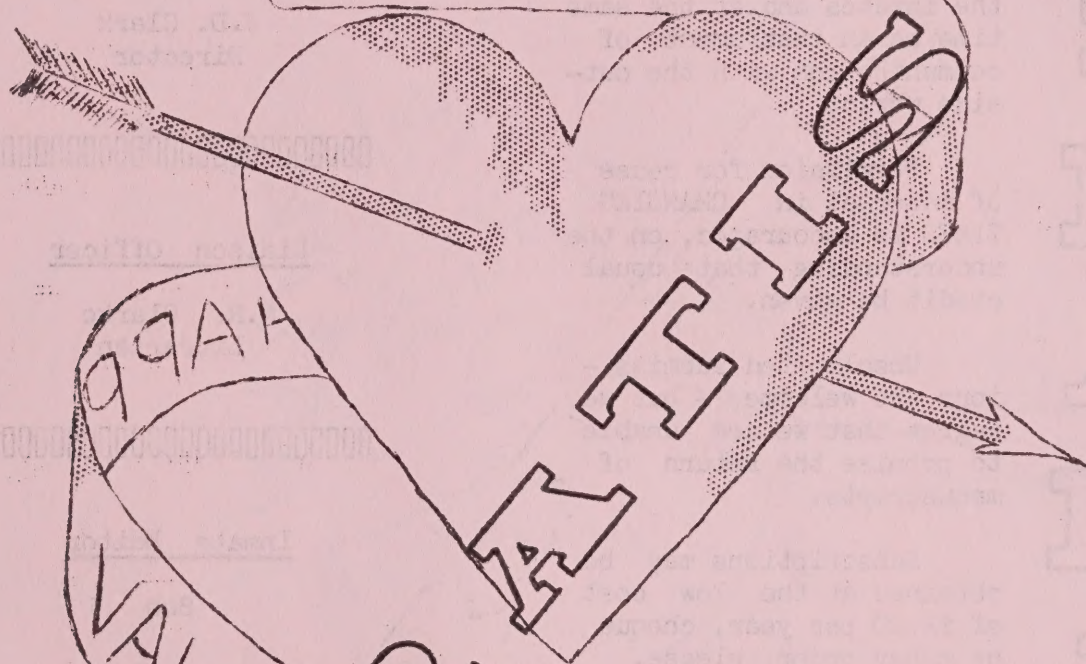


U HANGING

February 1974



IN THIS ISSUE

Mother

Prison Arts

TV Teasers

This °n° That

Time Out

TIMES

CHANGING TIMES is the
monthly publication of the
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Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

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Vol. 1

No. 3

Written, edited and
produced by inmates, it is
intended to act as a medium
to bring about better and
lasting understanding among
the inmates and, at the same
time be an instrument of
communication with the out-
side world.

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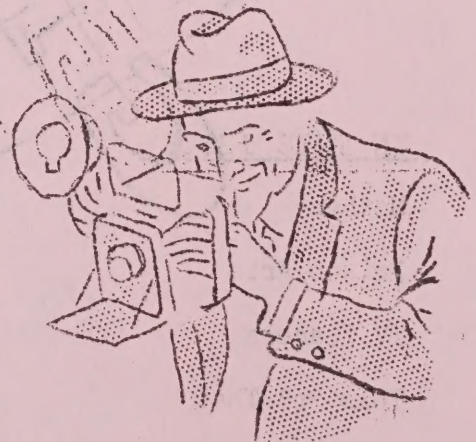
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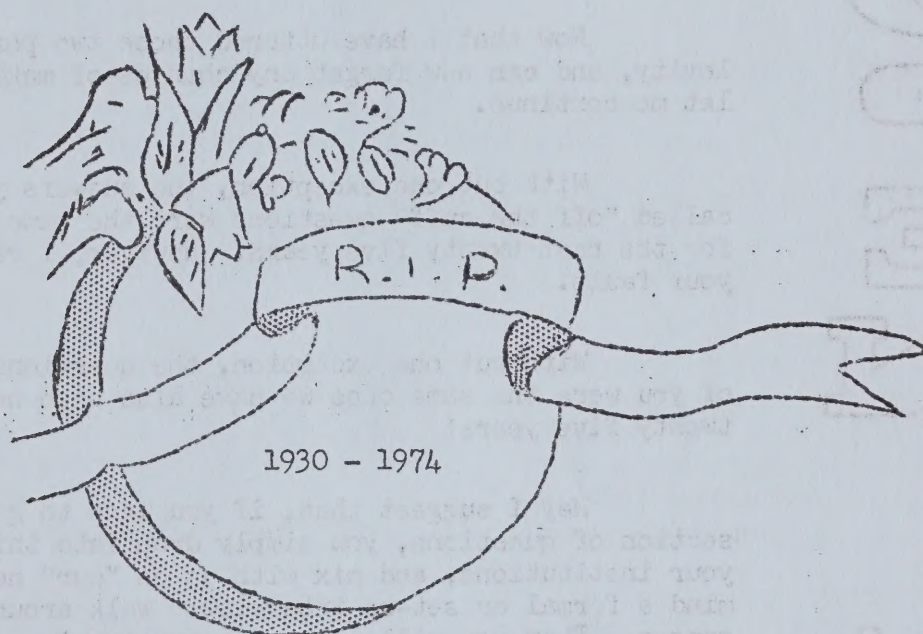
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Bob



CHANGING
TIMES

TIM HORTON



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P.O. Box 22
Kingston, Ontario

Mr. P.A. Faguy, Commissioner
Canadian Penitentiary Service
Ottawa, Ontario

Dear Paul:

Your recent appearance on "Under Attack" proved two very explicit points to me. (1) You are an astute politician and (2), you photograph much better from a right profile than the left!

Now that I have uttered those two phrases of libelous levity, and can now forget any chances of making a parole, please let me continue.

With but one exception, the answers you gave to the so-called "off the cuff" questions were the same ones we have heard for the past twenty five years. However, I realize this was not your fault.

With but one exception, the questions that were asked of you were the same ones we have also been hearing for the past twenty five years!

May I suggest that, if you want to get a worthwhile cross section of questions, you simply drop into this, or any other of your institutions, and mix with us on "our" home grounds. Never mind a formal or set-up interview; walk around the yards or the ranges. Then you will get some questions!

When you take an inmate and put him in front of a T.V. camera and a battery of lights, you have him at a disadvantage right away. You are accustomed to it - we are not.

Even though we did not elect you to your position, we are your "constituents". Why not get out in the hustings and rub shoulders with us?

I remain, yours (°till 76)

Bob

RSVP

AN

OPEN

LETTER

The prisoner and the detective rolled with the swaying Department of Corrections van - the one used to pick up newly arrested prisoners from the Brooklyn Borough and bring them to The Centre Street Detention. Usually, the van was crowded, but this morning only two passengers were locked in the back. Conversation was, at first, at a minimum.

The cool chill of the morning air swished in through a steel criss-crossed back door of the van; whether by reason of the chilliness or from pure emotional tension, the prisoner drew the collar of his coat more snugly around his neck. His hand trembled and his teeth chattered noticeably.

The detective, a man in his middle forties, grinned, almost friendly-like, at the youngster and lit a cigarette, at the same time offering the chattering, nervous prisoner one.

"I hope we get there before the vans from the other Boroughs do," the detective offered by way of conversation. "I don't like to sit outside Detective Headquarters, waiting in this steel box any more than you do."

"I've never been through this routine before," the prisoner somewhat sullenly said, "so I don't know anything about the waiting part."

"You'll come to learn all about waiting, son, before all this is through."

Just as he had feared, the other vans were there before them. Two of the other precinct's wagons parked directly in front of the main entrance and another was waiting for a place. There was nothing for the driver of the Brooklyn van to do other than pull in as closely as possible and wait his turn. Ten minutes went by, during which time the other vans were unloading their human cargoes.

MOTHER

The detectives from the various precincts held up proceedings a little while they exchanged pleasantries as they escorted prisoners from the vans.

The young prisoner had watched closely during this period. His eyes seemed to be glued to the passing parade. He somehow sensed that there was something other than the ten minute wait that was bothering the detective. An air of deep thought, along with the chain smoking, was noticed by the prisoner - as was also an air of sadness or regret - but this latter the prisoner dismissed from his mind as being pure conjecture and imagination (It isn't him that's got troubles, the prisoner told himself, "it's me that's gottem!")

There was something peculiar, too, right from

the start, about the scene now unfolding before his eyes. The usual "gapers", who invariably stopped for a moment to watch as the vans were unloaded, were a daily expectation. They stopped, gaped, then went on about their business with a renewed faith in their own rectitude.

The peculiarity in the situation eluded the prisoner for some few moments - then his eyes came to rest on what had caught his attention. There was one person who did not act in the usual manner.

As each van unloaded - one prisoner and one detective at a time - one person, detached from the passing crowd, stayed and watched every movement of the prisoners and the vans. This one person became the object of the prisoner's attention during the next few minutes.

She was an old woman, well into her seventies, fairly well dressed but in an old fashioned and inexpensive manner. Her gray, almost white, hair and smallness were the most obvious part of her makeup that the young prisoner noted as he studied her. Then as he saw her turn to peer at a newly-arrived van, he was started by the look in her eyes. She followed with her head and eyes each and every movement of each prisoner as he came from inside the vans. It was this anxious and searching look that had, no doubt, first attracted his attention to her...

There was something strange about her eyes and about her intensity as she watched each passing prisoner. Her look burrowed through, around into the face - as though she was making certain

that this one particular face was not the one for which she searched. But even though the eyes were intense in their search, they held a blank, uncompromising look - as do the eyes of a person who is not listening to what you have to say.

Combined with this blank look was an indescribable sadness; a well defined aura that told of a great hurt in her life - an air of utmost tragedy. Her persistence as prisoner after prisoner went past, fascinated the young man.



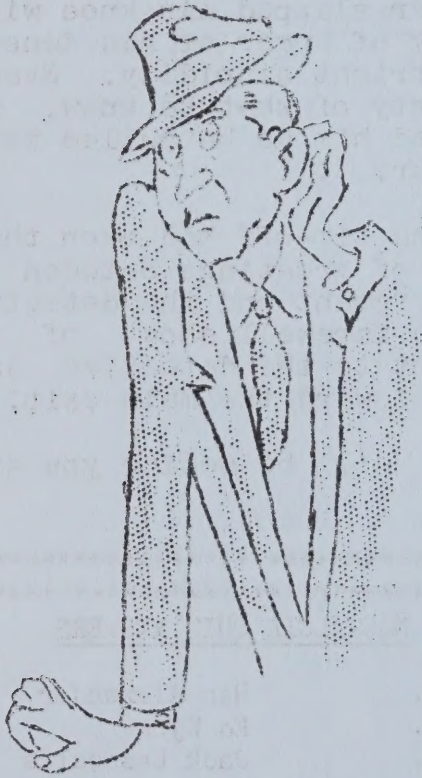
"Who is that woman? Do you know?" He directed his question at the detective who was now gazing at the floor and blowing vast clouds of smoke in the direction of his gaze.

"It's quite a story, son", the detective replied after a pregnant pause - "quite a story."

"You know her then," insisted the prisoner. "Has she been here before, like this?"

"Yes, she has. She's been here for a long time - every morning for fifteen years." The detective took a few quick puffs on his cigarette. Then, with a glance out the steel latticed door, he went on, with a sombre tone in his voice.

"That woman had two boys, Dan and Bill. Twins. Their father was killed at work, over in the Bronx where they lived at the time. Later as the boys grew up, one went wild, done a little time in the reformatory, then a stretch at Sing Sing. Finally, Bill - he was the black sheep - got into the big time. He went out on a "heavy" and stuck up bars and nightclubs all over New York. The other boy, Dan, was as different as night from day. He studied and worked - studied and worked."



The detective broke off for another few puffs on his smouldering cigarette. Then, almost under his breath, he muttered: "You hear about it every day. It's become a common story. One brother becomes a hoodlum and the other a D.A. or an F.B.I. Agent..... But there are situations like that and this is one of them..."

"To make a long story short," the detective continued with a deep sigh, "the one brother ended up as a flatfoot on the beat, while the other was out living a fast and glamorous life - knocking over an undetermined number of nightclubs, bars, crap games... Just like the fiction books, too, the policeman was his brother's nemesis."

"Dan shot his brother" in the shoulder as Bill backed out of a bar one night, but he didn't know until later that the bartender was lying dead behind the bar. It was a murder rap for Bill. There was no trouble to convict him for it. Dan, his twin, was elevated to detective status for his good work - although they didn't phrase it that way at his promotion exercises."

"The Mother hated Dan from the day of Bill's arrest. She refused to speak to him or recognize him in any way. When Bill was finally convicted and taken from the court under a death sentence, something snapped in her mind. The last thing she remembered about Bill was the time she had seen him getting out of the van here at Centre Street..."

"That woman you see out there is Bill's mother - and Dan's. Each morning she waits to see Bill as she once saw him - vibrant, young, healthy... She's been here every morning for fifteen years - rain, shine, snow. Every single morning for fifteen years....!"

"That's quite a story." The prisoner with an affected air of nonchalance intended to offset a concern over his own emotions and the emotional timbre that had come into the detective's voice, turned away in embarrassment and made much of putting out a cigarette butt.

The van moved suddenly, with

6

no warning and threw both detective and prisoner off balance. It moved up and parked in front of the main door of Headquarters.

The prisoner watched the old woman's eyes as he alighted from the van. She smiled innocently at him and stared into his face just as searchingly as she had all the others. It was strange that she looked only at him, the prisoner, and never favored the detective in any way. But this was no exception. All morning it had been as though only the prisoners were present - the detective did not exist. The blank, far-away expression stayed in her eyes and the burned-in air of sadness and disappointment remained on her face.

She looked around hesitantly as if for more vans; but, as she no doubt knew, this was the last van for the morning. With an air of despondency and resignation she trudged her weary way along Centre Street.

Both the prisoner and the detective - who strangely kept his prisoner on the top step of Headquarters and watched the woman's departure - breathed a sigh of relief as they entered the door.

The prisoner was about to ask whether or not anyone had ever made an attempt to do anything for the old lady - perhaps psychiatry or

some other method that would break down this obvious state of shock and amnesia. He reconsidered it, however, in view of the fact that the detective would probably get the idea he had gone "soft". On top of this, the detective didn't look as though he was in a mood for any more conversation.

He led the prisoner into the building and turned him over to the desk sergeant. That was the end of his duty and responsibility.

Several hours later, when it finally dawned on him, the young prisoner slapped his knee with a display of anger at his denseness and outright stupidity. Even the certainty of what he knew, now, startled him as he mulled it over and over....

The tip-off had been the exchange of greetings between the desk sergeant and the detective - and the farewell shout of the sergeant to the detective as he walked toward the main exit.

"We'll be seeing you around, Dan!"

NOSTALGIA QUIZ ANSWERS

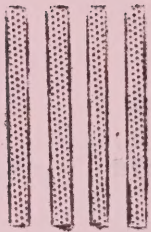
1. Ben Alexander
2. Ed Wynn
3. Jack Lescaulier
4. Wally Cox
5. Toast Of The Town
6. Sky King
7. Gunsmoke
8. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll
9. William Bendix
10. Don Dumphy
11. Bob Cummings
12. Mel Blanc
13. Richard Crenna was in both series
14. Eight Clydesdales

AFTERTHOUGHT FILLER

1. Can you really have any remorse at the recent announcement that Lucille Ball is being cancelled after twenty three years? Not me!

Likewise, Sonny and Cher's divorce: Who cares?

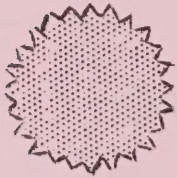
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PRISON

Further Awards To Be Announced

Entry Forms Available At The Library



ARTS

The following submission from THE PRISON ARTS FOUNDATION is self-explanatory.

We wish to thank The Executive Director of P.A.F., Mrs. D.F. Knetchel for her thoughtfulness.

We are pleased to announce the following prizes which will be available to winners in Prison Arts 74:

SCHOLARSHIPS

To be awarded as tuition fees for courses at Universities, Community Colleges or Schools, to entrants who wish to further their education:

\$1,000.00 Chubb Industries Ltd.

\$1,000.00 The Audrey S. Hellyer
Charitable Foundation.

AWARDS

Canadian Penitentiary Service

The artist whose work is selected for reproduction on the Canadian Penitentiary Service Christmas card will be awarded \$250.00, which will include the purchase price of the entry - and exclusive reproduction rights.

ONTARIO MINISTRY OF CORRECTIONAL SERVICES

An award of \$100.00 will be made to the inmate of an Ontario provincial institution whose work is selected as a winner.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AND NORTHERN AFFAIRS

Fine arts awards of \$500.00 (first), \$300.00 (second) and \$200.00 (third) will be made to winning status Indian entrants, for the purpose of obtaining materials and supplies. The awards are offered by the Cultural Development Division, Education Branch, Department of Indian and Northern Affairs.

ELIZABETH FRY SOCIETY OF CANADA

Elizabeth Fry groups across Canada participate in this award, whose amount will be announced later.

HALLMARK CARDS AWARDS FOR PAINTINGS

Three awards are offered by Hallmark Cards for winning paintings: \$250.00 (first), \$150.00 (second) and \$100.00 (third).

The awards are given on the understanding that the reproduction rights are inclusive and the Hallmark Company can, if it finds the winning works suitable, reproduce them as they see fit.

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY OF CANADA

An award of \$100.00 is to be made by The John Howard Society of Canada for artistic excellence in any category in Prison Arts 74.

ST. LEONARD'S SOCIETY OF CANADA

A \$50.00 award is offered by The St. Leonard's Society of Canada for artistic excellence in any category in Prison Arts 74.

TANDY LEATHER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

A credit voucher for \$50.00, which can be redeemed in merchandise at any of their stores, is offered by The Tandy Leather Company for a winning entry in leatherwork.

WARNER-LAMBERT CANADA LIMITED

Three awards of \$100.00 each are offered by Warner-Lambert Company for winners in the categories of arts, writing and crafts.

XEROX OF CANADA LIMITED

Two awards of \$50.00 each will be offered by Xerox of Canada for winners in the arts category, to enable the artists to purchase supplies for the development of their hobby.

TV TEASERS

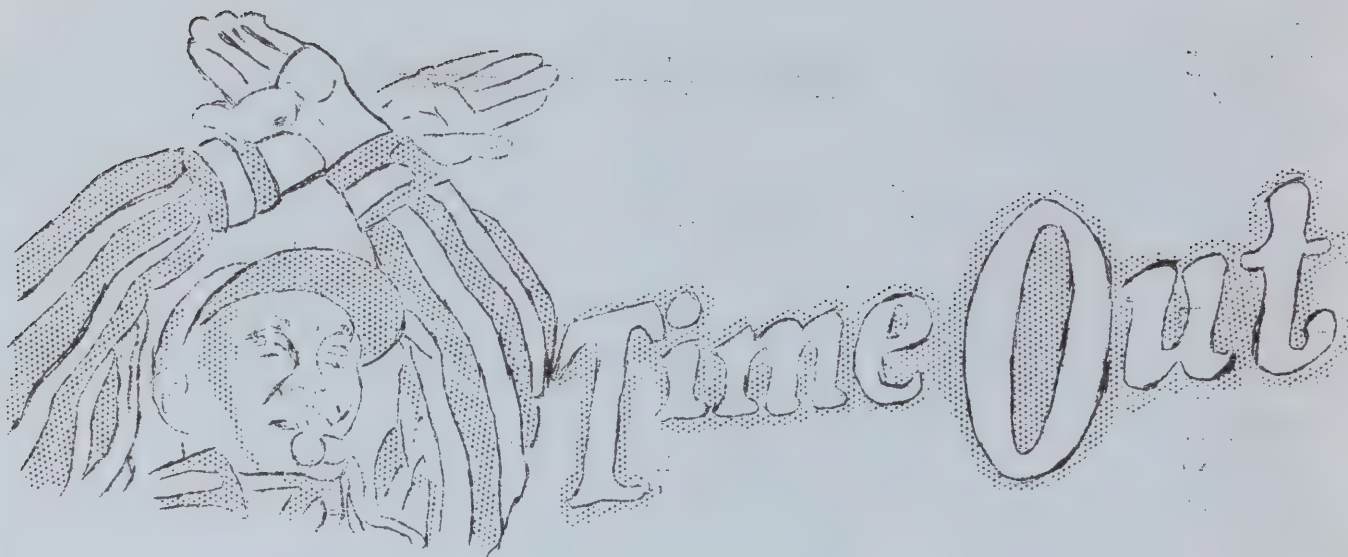
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A NOSTALGIC TRIP INTO THE PAST



1. Who was Jack Webb's original sidekick on Dragnet?
2. Who was The Texaco Fire Chief?
3. Who was the first late night Talk Show host?
4. Who portrayed Mr. Peepers?
5. What was the original name of The Ed Sullivan Show?
6. What TV serial featured a flying cowboy?
7. On what TV show did Burt Reynolds make his debut?
8. What were the right names of Amos 'n' Andy?
9. Who played "Reilly" in The Life Of Reilly?
10. Who was the TV announcer on The Friday Night Fights?
11. Who made famous the saying, "Smile, I Think You're Going To Like This Picture!"?
12. Who does the voice characterization of Bugs Bunny, Roadrunner, etc?
13. What did "Our Miss Brooks" and "The Real McCoys" have in common?
14. The Budweiser Beer Wagon is pulled by (mark one) (a) The Andrew Sisters (b) Eight Clydesdales (c) Twelve Morgans (d) Four Calling Birds (e) Two Great Danes and a Dachshund (with a hernia!)

10



As we go to press, the playoffs in the R.R.C. Floor Hockey League are getting underway. The games have displayed some very exciting action, chippy at times, but very entertaining to the spectators as well as the participants.

There was very little to choose between the four teams. The final standings will attest to this fact.

<u>TEAM</u>	<u>WON</u>	<u>LOST</u>	<u>TIED</u>	<u>G.F.</u>	<u>G.A.</u>	<u>PTS.</u>
"G" Block	4	2	0	38	20	14
"H" Block	4	2	0	18	22	14
"F" Block	3	3	0	21	24	12
"B" Block	1	5	0	26	37	8

SCORING LEADERS

<u>PLAYER</u>	<u>TEAM</u>	<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
Hunnington	G	9	12	22
McLeod	B	12	2	14
Burns	G	10	3	13
Harvey	F	5	6	11
Garneau	G	6	4	10
Bonneville	B	8	0	8
Spoon	H	7	1	8
Gagne	H	6	2	8
Scott	G	3	3	6
Smyth	G	4	1	5

T I M E

TIME IS -

TOO SLOW FOR THOSE WHO WAIT -

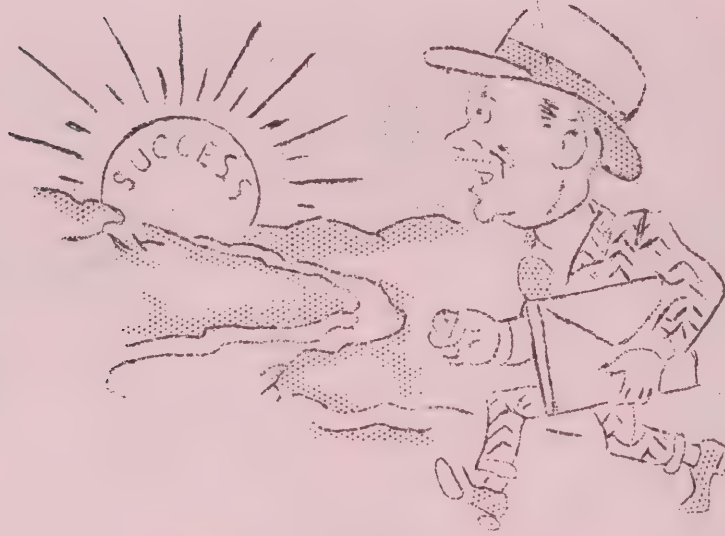
TOO SWIFT FOR THOSE WHO FEAR -

TOO SHORT FOR THOSE WHO REJOICE -

TOO LONG FOR THOSE WHO GRIEVE -

BUT, FOR THOSE WHO LOVE, TIME IS ETERNITY.

Ray



The guiding force behind the success of The Group has to be Joe S., the GSR. This is a dedicated man - APOLLO is a fortunate bunch to have him.

[illegible]

Bob

THIS

Nostalgia certainly seems to be taking over - and not only on TV either. The big band sound is coming back. Even "old timers" such as Tony Martin, Rosemary Clooney - even Dick Haymes - are out hitting the bricks. Beautiful, isn't it?

A recent conversation with a new custodial officer makes me wonder about the thinking of "the new breed". When asked why he wanted a job in a place such as this, he replied, "I tried to get on the police force, but they wouldn't accept me. This is as close as I could get." How's that for a kick in the arm pit?

Prison Arts 74 is in full swing and it is hoped that the entries come thick and fast. My only complaint is that they do not have some type of award as "Mouth Of The Year"! I have a couple of nominees who would be sure fire winners.

Want to hear some GOOD music? Give a listen to John Tyrrel's CBC Thursday night presentation of "Long Ago Yesterday".

N

I see where Toronto Argos have signed Sonny Sixkiller as quarterback. And, get this! He was signed while he was making a movie, and what was he playing? What else? A quarterback!

If they could only get Ronnie Knox back and bring obnoxious Harvey with him, they'd be in good shape!

Now that Esther Rolle has gone on her own in "Good Times" I can see a return of "The Uncle Tom" bit. It makes me wonder if Stepanfetich and Rochester weren't a few years ahead of their time.

"It's Good To Be Alive" only proved one thing. Roy Campanella has enough guts for a dozen men.

Did you see Racquel Welsh in Kansas City Bomber? And you thought The Exorcist would make you throw up!

Wayne and Shuster have come a long way from their Army Show days. Their recent show, although containing a liberal dosage of schmatlz, is a good example. Their version of Kung Fu And The National Dream had a good number of laughs.

Many tributes, all deserved, have been paid Tim Horton. Ours may be small - but it is sincere. He'll be an All Star no matter where he is. Heaven's got one hell of a defenceman!

Can you think of two more successful producers than Norman Lear and Quinn Martin? Lear's got All In The Family, Maude, Sanford And Son and Good Times. Martin has Streets Of San Francisco, The F.B.I., Barnaby Jones and Cannon. Not bad!

I was recently asked if I had suicidal tendencies. Only twice! The first time I tried to leap to my death from a basement window. The second time, I laid with my head in an oven for over an hour - in an electric range! I'm a loser!

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

KEEP KINGSTON GREEN - SEND MONEY!

THAT



WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

This is a question that a lot of inmates ask themselves. But they are not alone in their quandary, since this is a question that has been on the lips of a great many of the staff of this and other institutions.

From time to time we must all stop and reflect in order to bring our lives into focus. When we do, we have to examine our working lives carefully as what we do during the time we spend on the job accounts for almost 25% of our time during our working lives.

Twenty five per cent!!
One full quarter of our lives!
No wonder the question "What am I doing here is so important!

In order to determine the effect we have in any undertaking, we must first understand our objective. In order to understand the objective, we must define the terms we use to describe our goals.

REHABILITATE

* re-ha-bil-i-tate
(transitive verb)

1. to restore (a former state, privilege, rank, etc.), re-instate. 2. to re-establish (in social position); clear the character or reputation; 3. to put on a firm basis, as the currency of a country.
noun - re-ha-bil-i-ta-tion.

So, that's what I'm doing here!

We of the institutions of the Canadian Penitentiary Service, have for some time been bandying about the term "rehabilitation" as if we all knew what we were talking about. In point of fact any of the three definitions are disappointingly far from our conceptions.

We are powerless when we look to this definition because it is impossible to change anyone. We will never be able to rehabilitate any inmate. It just can't be done! How can we put someone onto a firm basis if they don't want to be on a firm basis?

So, what AM I doing here?

Personally, I'm looking for either a better definition of the phrase we've got, or a new phrase. Nothing personal, Commissioner, but the one we've got now has most of the staff confused, not to mention the inmate population (which I won't).

This writer is of the opinion that the onus for rehabilitative change lies with the inmate. He is the only one who can institute any change in his own life.

This doesn't mean that the staff of an institution is exonerated of the responsibility for the inmates who do not rehabilitate

ability.

ative one.
by our
constantly
their

But, when-
ny we are

M.R.C.

NO IT YOURSELF!

W R I T I N G

WORKSHOP

A cartoon illustration of a young boy with a wide smile, wearing a patterned shirt and pants. He is holding a very large pencil that is nearly as tall as he is, with both hands. The pencil is oriented diagonally across the frame.

ting up
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MR. [Signature]

M.R. Clarke
Librarian

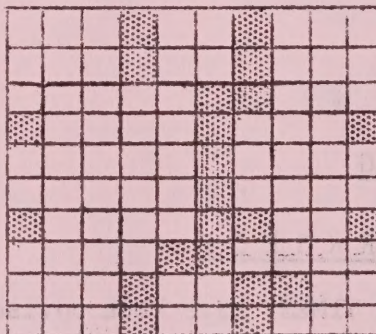
P U Z Z L E P A G E

MINI QUIZ

1. How many men are on a six-man football team?
2. Huntley and Brinkley were a news team. The Smith Brothers made cough drops. Who were Napoleon and Boneparte?
3. In football we have a Fullback, a Halfback, and a Quarterback. What position does a Drawback play?
4. What animal is the emblem of The Detroit Tigers?
5. How many horsepower is required to pull a one-horse open sleigh?
6. Hank Aarron is on the verge of breaking a long standing record held by (1) Babe Ruth (2) Baby Ruth (3) Oh! Henry?
7. What colour is a "Black Maria"?

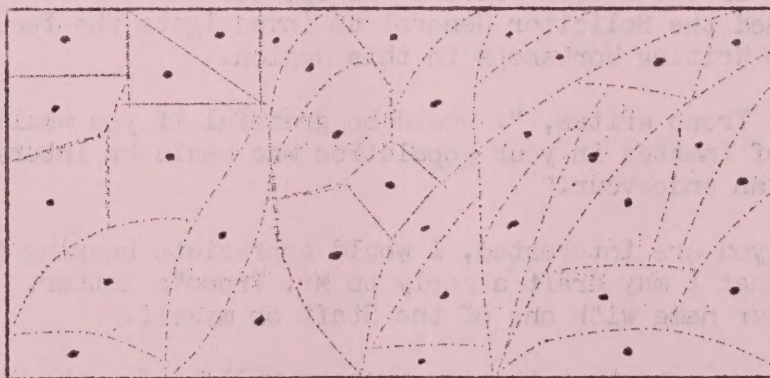
DO IT YOURSELF!

I was just a little rushed for a spare moment as we went to press, so I could not finalize this puzzle.



Please supply your own numbers and words - and return.

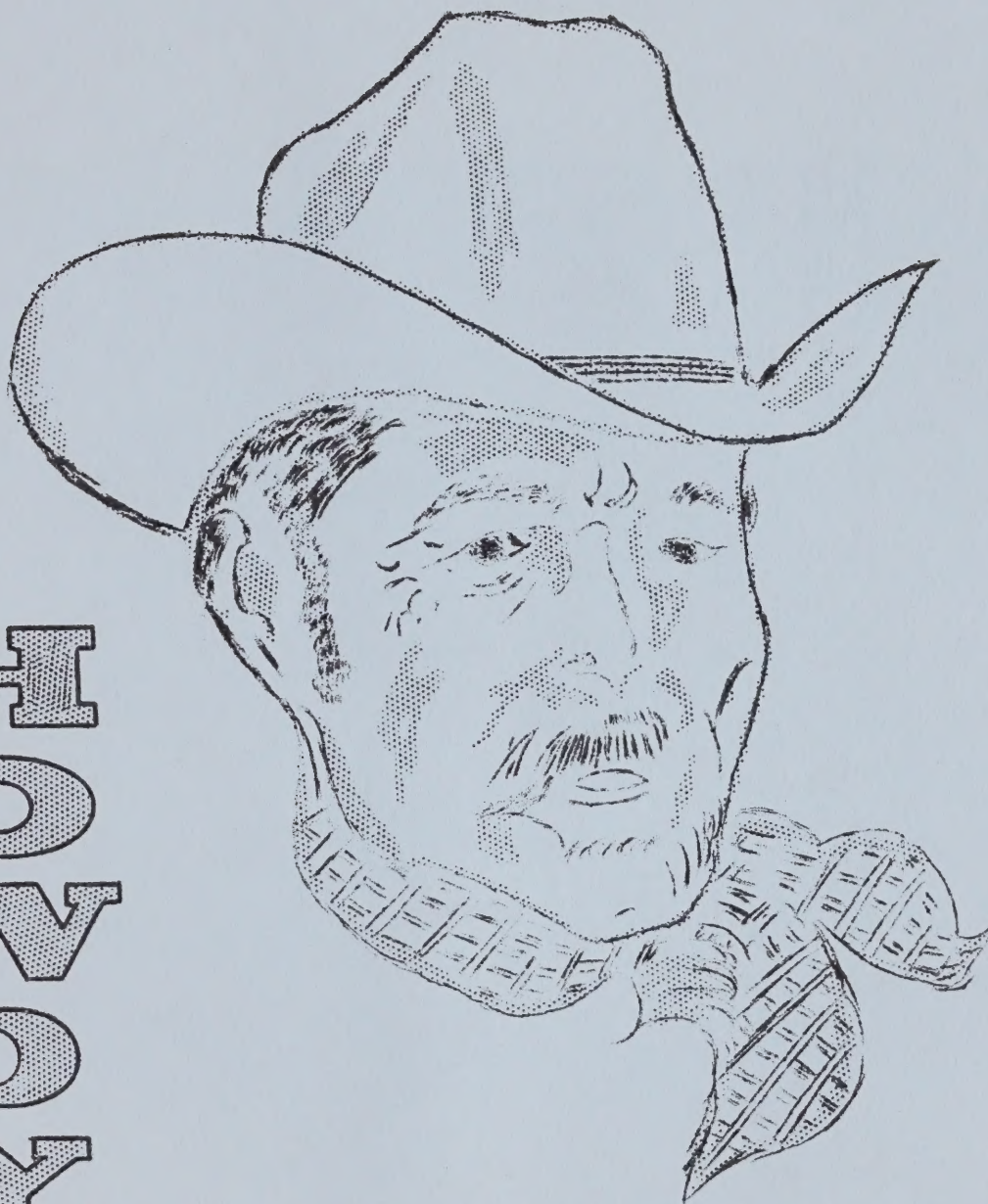
First prize is a vacation for two at the San Quentin Hilton!



Recall Your Youth

Fill in each space containing a dot. The resulting picture will surprise you.

**H
O
W
D
Y**



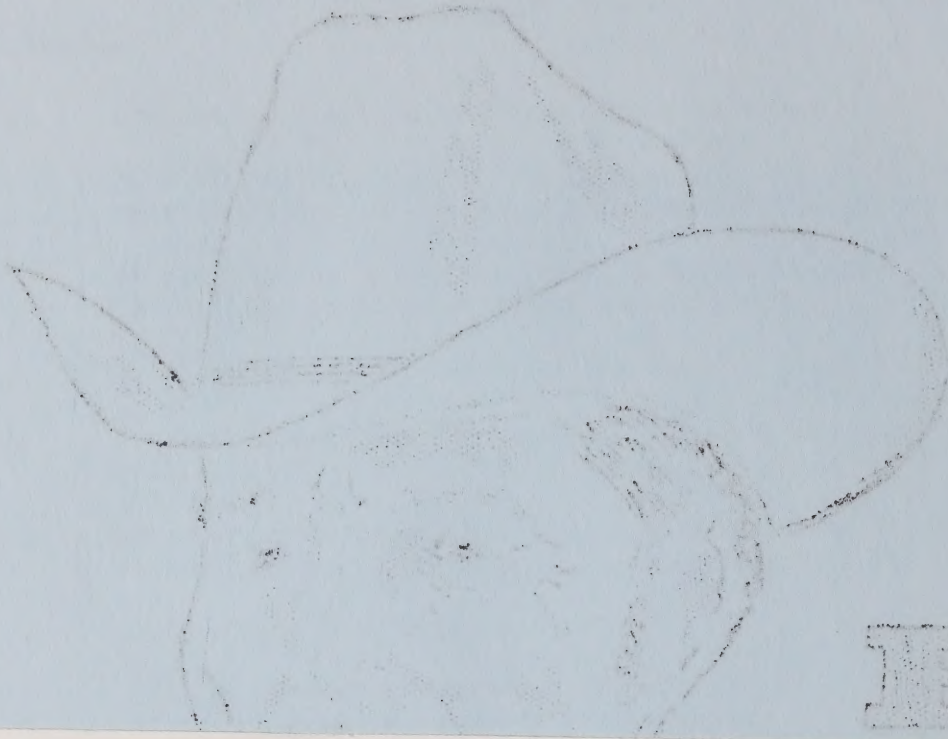
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